

The Start of Something ?

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What happens when my girlfriend passes out, and leaves me alone with her sister ?

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This is the first story I've posted, any feedback is welcome, good or bad. Please don't just slate it, explain where you thought it was wrong. Helpful tips very much welcome! She'd teased me often enough that it should have been no surprise. Yet I was still shocked when I felt Karlie's tongue slide into my mouth as she drunkenly kissed me goodnight. Her sister Sam was passed out on the couch not five feet away, too! As Karlie pulled her lips from mine, her eyes held a saucy look. I stood there quietly, heart in my throat, as she turned and walked to her car in the darkness, heels clicking lightly on the concrete of my driveway. And as she got into her car and I stared at those long, delectable legs and tight ass, I knew I would have her. It was just a matter of time. ***** Sam and I had dated for over a year. I'd met her family numerous times. Karlie was the middle of the three sisters (the other being Katy). She was quiet and reserved when I'd first met her; Sam told me later this was because her husband had been there. He was - along with his other flaws - a jealous man. I'd taken an instant dislike to him when we met and his behavior the past few times we'd met at family functions only set that opinion in stone. Sam always enjoyed taking me to her family get togethers. I was quite an upgrade from her ex and although she never said it, I could see she clearly enjoyed the recognition that she'd "traded up" as it were. For my part, Sam's long dark hair and her abundant enthusiasm in the bedroom made her incredibly attractive. Over the past year I'd grown to love her. Since I'm normally a reserved person, that's saying a lot about the kind of woman she is. She's been incredibly giving, not least in the bedroom! Sam's earthy nature obviously ran in the family. Away from her husband and three kids, Karlie was a regular firecracker. I'd mentally given her the nickname Boom Boom - it fit both her fiery temperament and her way of walking. Those hips drew attention when she walked, like a metronome keeping a beat they swayed lightly from side to side, drawing attention to what was clearly a fabulous ass. It was too bad she kept it all hidden under loose clothes most of the time. I was curious about what she'd look like in a bikini. Karlie liked me and clearly thought I was a good influence on her younger sister. Since we'd met, Sam had dropped some weight and was much happier in general. I can't take credit for that, but I think Karlie believes it's my presence that helped Sam realize how great a person she is. Karlie also made a habit out of lightly flirting with me at get togethers, at least when her husband wasn't there. This Sunday, she'd ratcheted things up a couple of notches. We were celebrating Sam's birthday when Karlie mentioned that she

wanted to lick the birthday cake. Little did she know that Sam had a just taken to licking my cock in the bedroom and saying that was her way of laying claim to it! Of course, Sam and I burst out laughing and Karlie didn't let things rest until Sam explained the inside joke to her. I was a bit mortified that Sam shared it, but I kept my game face on. What baked my noodle was the next comment out of Karlie's mouth. "So, what hasn't she laid claim to on you?" Karlie asked, eyeing me up and down. Sam and Karlie laughed together at my expression. "Everything below the waistline is taken, sis," Sam replied as she slipped an arm around me. I managed to find my voice and said, "Yup. There's not much available except the lips!" We all laughed together, but when Sam walked away to take cake to their father Karlie licked her lips slowly while holding my gaze. "I think I could find a use for those, Gav," she said, before slapping my arm playfully and heading out after her sister. I just shook my head and wrote the episode off as another one of her playful moods. ***** Back to where I started this story, more or less. Ok, let's start a few hours before that kiss. Sam had invited her sister to come and hang out with us while I made some BBQ. It was girl talk time while I did the cooking. Recently, Karlie had been having more troubles with her husband David, who had left a bruise or two on her after a recent fight. No cops were called, but Sam and Karlie's father Jim had talked to David about what would happen if his daughter were to show up bruised again. Jim was a retired steelworker who still intimidated me at age 55. He had muscles on top of muscles. So the girls were chatting while I cooked the food. They'd started a bottle of Janz Brut Rose wine, which I also had a small glass from. However, when I had the ribs ready, I opened a second bottle, Apothic Red. There's nothing like a shiraz wine to go with good BBQ. We all talked for the hour or so we took to finish dinner. After a while, we moved from the kitchen to the living room. Sam had two glasses of the rose and was drinking one of the Shiraz. She's a funny drunk and had me laughing so hard my sides were hurting. Karlie just kept snorting in this cute way she has. After one of her bouts of laughter, I noticed she'd managed to get some BBQ sauce on her chin. "You're a mess, Karlie," I said, leaning over to wipe the sauce off her chin with a finger. I grinned at her as I licked my index finger clean. "And my sauce is too good to be wasted." "Well, you missed a spot yourself!" Karlie said, returning the favor and wiping a bit from the corner of my mouth. She locked eyes with me and slowly sucked her fingertip. Sam roared with laughter and fell over sideways onto the couch, not seeing Karlie slowly run her tongue around her mouth before picking up her glass of wine. Karlie sipped Shiraz to cover up her grin as Sam looked back at us both. "You two clean up. I'm going to put my feet up," Sam said, kicking off her sandals and curling up on the couch. Her eyes closed and I could see her starting to relax. In 14 months together I can't count the times I've watched her go to sleep, so I knew she was about done for the night. I stood up and grabbed Sam's plate and mine, heading to the kitchen. I was hoping Karlie would stay there, but she grabbed her plate and followed me. As I rinsed plates, she stood there with her glass, slowly sipping it and looking at me. When I bent over to put the plates into the dishwasher, I felt a hand on my ass! "Karlie!" She laughed and let go, stepping back and drinking again from her wine. I realized now that she'd probably finished most of the Shiraz herself. I was a little drunk, enough to be horny, but much more in control of myself. "You can look but don't touch, woman. Remember, everything below the waist is claimed?" Her eyes got that look again as she

stared me up and down. "Well, from what I've heard she's right to lay claim to that seven inches of sausage. Lord knows I'd trade my husband's little tool in for something that large!" I practically gawked at her before recovering. "You poor woman. I figured with three kids that it wasn't exactly his personality you were in love with." She laughed, a little bitterly. "He LOOKED like a much better man when I met him. Or maybe it's me that's changed. Hell, I don't know." "You look stunning to me, Karlie. I don't know what else to tell you." "Thanks, Gav." She said, before stepping close and unexpectedly hugging me. Her arms circled me as her weight threw me off balance slightly, pinning me against the dishwasher. "Mmmm," she said, inhaling deeply and causing her chest to press more firmly against mine, "I've always liked your choice in cologne." It was the feeling of her body molded against me that got me hard. With the light shorts I was wearing, my rising cock was pressed against her and I could tell she felt it even through both our clothes. In addition to being longer than normal, I'm fairly thick. One lover used to call my cock "ABCD" - A Beer Can Dick. I tried to adjust myself away from her and Karlie took that chance to set down her glass and get an even firmer grip around me. "Karlie, please..." I managed to get out. "Shhh. I just want to be held for a minute or two." We stood there for a few moments, me feeling awkward yet incredibly turned on, Karlie just breathing slowly against my chest. Finally, I gave in and put my arms around her fully. As I did so, I heard her breathing pick up speed, then she burrowed her head into my chest. It was practically identical to what Sam would sometimes do when we cuddled after a long sex session and that thought made me instantly hard as iron. "Oh! Seems like someone is feeling friendly," Karlie said as my cock jumped against her. She leaned in further to me, pressing the counter top edge into my hips. Her leg snaked between mine and she practically mounted my hip. I was tongue tied, even though I knew I should say something. Karlie began slowly rotating her hips, driving her pubis against me and I could hear her breath coming faster now. "Karlie!!!" burst from my lips in a strangled voice. "Hush. Don't wake up Sam," she said as she continued to grind. As I grabbed her shoulders firmly and prepared to push her away, Karlie began to shudder! "OH hell yes," she said in a whisper, "grab me and push me around." When I did move her away from me by force, I realized I'd forgotten where her leg was. She used the one between my heels to trip me, and I practically fell on her as I drove her the two feet to the kitchen island. Her hips slammed into it with bruising force and she looked up at me from under those brunette bangs of hers. "Yes, treat me like a bitch, Gav! I like it rough." With that, she ground herself even more firmly against me than before, this time directly on my cock instead of my hip. Her arms were still clasped as far around me as she could reach, and she clung to me like a lifeboat in a storm. As I unconsciously tightened my grip to try and break the clench, she shuddered again and this time her eyes closed and her mouth opened. Those sexy lips were parted as my girlfriend's sister dry humped her way to a quick orgasm on my clothed cock. I could focus on nothing else but those soft, delicious lips and how her tongue snaked out and her breath made a soft "whuff" noise as she came. 'Well, at least she's not as noisy as Sam!' was the only thought that came to mind as I felt her continue to shake under me. Giving in again, I clenched her close to my chest and wrapped one hand in her hair, feeling her body against mine. We stood there a bit longer, before she stood away from me and tucked her hair behind one ear. It was a flirting gesture she'd often used with me. "Well, look

at the time! I'd better be going." She smiled and met my astonished look, then set down her glass and walked into the living room. As Karlie gathered her purse, she bent over at the waist to do so. Looking back at me while bent over, she smiled again to catch me staring. "I've had fun. Please tell Sam I appreciated the meal. Dessert will have to wait for another time, though." That look again, one that I now knew promised pleasure, was on her face again. I quietly walked her to the door, my mind a whirling storm of emotion and lust. As I was closing the door behind her, she spun quickly and pressed her lips to mine. A tongue snaked out, timid at first, then bold. My hands were cupping her ass and pulling her to me as we kissed for a while, making out like high school kids, until she pulled away with a light gasp. "I told you I'd find a use for those lips." She grinned and walked away. As she went, I knew it was a matter of when, not if, I would again find her writhing underneath me in pleasure. The taboo of the idea made my blood boil. I even started to wonder if David would mind one more child.